Lessons Learned From the Late Fire-The Power of the Lord Acknowledge solutions of Religion-An Appeal to All Men.

On the Sunday succeeding the burning of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Rev. T. De-Witt Talmage preached at the Academy of Music in that city, his subject being 'The Baptism of Fire,' and he took as his taxt Acts xx, 24, "None of these things move me." He said:

But, Paul, have you not enough : fil ction to move you? Are you not an exile from your native land? With the most genia and loving nature, have you not, in order and roving matter, now you not, in order to be free for missionary journeys, given yourself to celibacy? Have you not turned away from the magnificent worldly suc-cesses that would have crowned your illustrious genius? Have you not endured the sharp and stinging neuralgias, like a thorn in the flesh? Have you not been mebbed on the land and shipwrecked on

mobbed on the land and shipwrecked on the sea; the Sanhedrim against you, the Roman Government against you, all the world and all hell against you? "What of that?" says Paul. "None of these things move me!" It was not be-cause he was a hard nature. Gentlest cause he was a hard nature. Gentlest woman was never more easily dissolved into tears. He could not even bear to see any body cry, for in the midst of his sermon when he saw some one weeping her sobs aloud: "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart! for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the lord Jenus." what then did Paul mean when he said:
"None of these things move me?" He
meant: "I will not be diverted from the
work to which I have been called by any
and all the adversities and calamities."

I think this morning I express not my I think this morning I express not my own feeling, but that of every man, wom-an and little child belonging to Brooklyn Tabernacle, or that was converted there, when I look toward the blackened ruins of the dear and consecrated spot and with an aroused faith in a loving God cry out:

"None of these things move me."

When I say that, I do not mean that we have no feeling about it. Instead of standing here to-day in this brilliant auditorium, it would be more consonant with my feelings to sit down among the ruins and weep at the word of David: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right forget her cunning." Why, let me say to the strangers here to-day in explanation of the deep emotion of my flock, we had there in that building sixteen years of religious revival. I believe that a hundred thousand souls were born there. They came from all parts of the earth and we shall never see them again until the books are opened. Why, sirs! our children were there bap'ised, and at those altars our young men and maidens took the marriage 70%, and out of those gates we carried our ruins and weep at the word of David: row, and out of those gates we carried our dead. When from the roof of my house last Sunday morning at three o'clock Isaw our church in flames, I said: "That is the last of the building from which we buried our De Witt on that cold December day then it so med all Brookies went with my when it seemed all Brookivn wept with my household." And it was just as hard for you to give up your loved ones as for us to give up ours. Why, like the beautiful vines that still cover some of the fallen walls, our affections are clambering all over the ruins, and I could kiss the ashes that mark the place where it once stood. Why, now that I think of it, I can not why, now that I think of it, I can not think of it as an inanimate pile, but as a soul, a mighty soul, an indestructible soul. I am sure that majestic organ had a soul, for we have often heard it speak and sing and shout and wall, and when the soul of that organ entered Heaven I think Handel, and Haydu, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn and Besthoven were the think Handel, and Haydn, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn and Beethoven were at the gates to welcome it. So I do not use the words of my text in a heartless way, but in the sense that we must not and will not be diverted from our work by the appalling disasters which have befallen us. We will not turn aside one inch from our determination to do all we can for the recent and evertageties, because of the present and evertageties. present and everlasting barpiness of all the people whom we may be able to meet of these things move me. None of

When I looked out through the dismal rain from the roof of my house and saw the church crumbing brick by brick, and timber by timber. I said to myself: "Does timber by timber, I said to myself: "Does this mean that my work in Brooklyn is ended? Does this terminate my associa-tion with this city, where I have been more than twenty years glad in all its prosperities and sail in all its misfor-tunes?" And a still small voice came to me, a voice that is no longer still or small, but most emphatic and commanding. through pressure of hand and newspaper column, and telegram and letter contribu-tions, saying, "Go forward!" I have made and I now make an appeal

to all Christendom to help us. We want all Christendom to help, and I will noknowledge the receipt of every contribution, great or small, with my own hand.
We want to build larger and better. We
want to build larger and better. We
want it a National church, in which peomating a larger and all nations find a

intions in one organization, distinguished

to much boiled and the beer a little
to much been little work. tion, great or small, with my own hand. We want to build larger and better. We want to build larger and better. We want to build larger and better. We want it a National church, in which people of all creeds and all nations find a home. The contributions already sent in make a small-bearted church forever impossible. Would not I be a sorry spectacle for angels and men if, in a church of the Lord of Thyatira, and the Church of Ity attra, and the crangelical, I should instead of the banner of the Lord God Almighty, raise a fluttering rag of small sectarianism? If we had \$300,000 we would put them all in one great monument to the mercy of God. People ask on all sides about what we shall build. I answer, it all depends on the contributions sent in from here and from the ends of the earth. I say now to all the Baptists that we shall have in it a baptistry. I say to all Episcopalians, we shall have in our services as heretofore at all the haptists that we shall have in it a baptistry. I say to all Episcopalians, we shall have in our services as heretofore at our communion table portions of the Lit-urgy. I say to the Catholics we shall have a cross over the pulpit and probably on the tower. I say to the Methodists, we mean to sing like the voices of mighty threadering. I say to all denominations. mean to sing like the voices of mighty thunderings. I say to all denominations, we mean to preach religion as wide as Heaven and as good as God. We have said we had a total loss. But there was one exception. The only things we saved

tip end of the little finger marked with higotry. And as it is said that the ex-burned bricks of the walls of Babylon have on them the letter N, standing for Nebuchainerzar. I declare to you that if we ever get a new church the letter we should like to have on every stone and every timber would be the letter C, for

and tears as you said: 'Well, the old place is gone." You did not want to seem place is gone." You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the sleste near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind made your eyes weak. Ah! there was nothing the matter with your eyes; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for years around the same church fireside and

years around the same church fireside and not have sympathy in common. Somehow you feel that you would like these people on the other side of the side, about whom you know but little, prospered and par-doned and blessed and saved. You feel as if you are in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same harbor and want to disembark at the same wharf. If ou put gold and from and lead and ginc sufficient heat they will melt into a con-omerate mass; and I really feel that last abbath's fire has fused usail, grosser and er natures, into one. It seems as if we all had our hands on a wire connecte with an electric battery; and when this with an electric battery; and when this church sorrow started it thrilled through the whole circle, and weall felt the shock. The oldest man and the youngest child could join bands in this misfortune. Grandiather said: "I expected from these altars to be buried;" and one of the children last Sabbath cried; "Grandia, that place was next to our house." Y-a, we are supported and confident in this time by the cross of Christ. That is used to the fire. On the dark day when Jesus died, the lighting struck it from above, and the flames of beil dashed up against it from beneath. That tearful, painful, tendor, blessed cross still stands. On it we hang all our hopes; beneath it we put down all our sines; in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pligrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel he has it hard? In the sight of such a symbol who can be discouraged, however great the darkees that may come down upon him! Jesus lives! The loving, patient, sympathizing, mighty Jesus! It shall not be told on earth, or in heil, or in Heaven, that three Hebrew criffere had not the Son of God beside them in the fire, and church sorrow started it thrilled through

hat a whole church was forsaken by the Lord when they went through a furnace about two hundred feet wide. O Lord Jesus! shall we take out of Thy and the flowers and the fruits, and the nand the howers and the fruits, and the brightness and the joys, and then turn away because Thou not give us one cup of bitterness to drink? O, no, Jesus, we will drink it dry. But how it is changed! Blessed Jesus, what hast Thou put into the cup to sweeten it? Why, it has be-come the wine of Heaven, and our souls grow strong.

hat three Hebrew colldren had not be Son of God beside them in the fire, and

grow strong.
I come now, and place both of my feet I come now, and place toth of my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhibitantion that I never felt since the day of my soul's emancipation. "Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take, Loud to the praise of love divine Bid every string awake.

We are also reinforced by the catholicity that I have already referred to. We are in the academy to-day, not because we have no other place to go. Last Sabbath morning at nine o'clock we had but one church; now we have about thirty, all at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say: "You may take our main audience rooms you may take our main rustees say: "You may take our main audience rooms, you may take our clecture rooms, you may take our church pariors, you may baptise in our baptistries, and sit in our anxious seats." O! if there be any larger hearted ministers or larger hearted churches any where than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millenium has come. People keen wondering when and see them before I die. The millenium has come People keep wondering when it is coming. It has come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old time bigots, with their swords, fighting through that great fire on Schermerhorn street last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted and they who wishled would have melted and they who wielded them would have learned war no more. I them would have learned war no more. I can never say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God Inever have been tempted to do it. I can not be a sectarian. I have been told I ought to be and I have tried to be, but I ought to be and I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the things most done there comes a fire or something else and all is gons. The angel of God shake out on this air "Giory to the night before; made a poultice and

to shoulder! one commander! one tri umph!

The trumpet gives a martial strain
O Israel' gird thee for the fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain: Arise and put thy foes to flight.

We also feel reinforced by the thought we mean to preach religion as wide as Heaven and as good as God. We have said we had a total loss. But there was consexception. The only things we saved were the silver communion chalics, for they happened to be in another building, and I take that fact as typical that we are to be in communion with all Christendom. The lolleve in the communion of saints!"

I think if all the Brooklyn firemen and all the insurance companies should search among those ruins on Schermerhorn atreet they would not find a plinter large as the tip end of the little finger marked with history. And as it is said that the extended to little finger marked with history. And as it is said that the extended to little finger marked with history. And as it is said that the extended to little finger marked with history. And as it is said that the extended to little finger marked with history. And as it is said that the extended to little finger marked with history. And as it is said that the extended to little finger marked with history. And as it is said that the extended to little solution. that we are on the way to a Heaven that go little earlier-for instance at eighty-two or eighty-three-bit I really think that if we cuild have an appreciation of what God has in reserve for us we would want to go, stepping right out of the Academy of Music into the glories of the stice.

every timber would be the letter C, for that would stand both for Christ and catholicity. The last two words I uttered in the old church on Friday night, some of you may remember, were "Hallelujah! Amea!"

The two words that I utter now as most they tell me that our friends who have better that our friends who have better that our friends who have The two words that I utter now as most expressive of my feelings in this our first service after the baptism of fire, are Halleiujah! Amen! "None of these things move me."

We are kept in this mood by two or three considerations. The first is, that God rules. In what way the church took fire I do not know. It has been charged on the lightnings. Well, the Lord controls the lightnings. Well, the Lord controls the lightnings. He managed them several thousand years before our electricians were born. The Bible indicates that, though they flash down the sky

recklessly, God builds for them a road to travel.

In the Pealmy it is said: "He made a way for the lighting and the thunder." Ever since the time of Benjamin Franklin the world has been trying to tame the lightings, and they seem to be quite well harnessed, but they occasionally kick over the traces. But though we can not master great natural forces, God can and does, and that is our Father and best friend, and this thought gives un confidence.

We are also reinforced by the increased consolation that comes from confraternity of sorrow. The people who, during the last sixteen years, sat on the other side of the aisle, whose faces were familiar to you, but to whom you had never spoken—you greeted them this week with smiles and tears as you said: "Well, the old place is gone." You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the siere near learness for once the voice of the saids who faces were familiar to you and to you said: "Well, the old place is gone." You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the siere near learness cared by the stroke of the harpers would not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the siere near learness cared by the stroke of the harpers who for the control of the control of the control of the control of the saids who faces were familiar to you was the two controls of the saids who faces were familiar to you was the west learness cared by the stroke of the harpers would not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the siere near learness cared by the stroke of the harpers who faced for once the voice of wife and child let me go right in to have my care access on the stroke of the harpers who can be offered and the stroke of the harpers who can be controlled to the control of the control o

deafness cured by the stroke of the harp-ers whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free.

Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of the earth but are hidden because flood bears down. because God keeps down the Latches— those internal fires will after awhile break through the crust, and the plains, and the through the crust, and the plains, and the mountains and the seas will be consumed, and the flames will fire their long arms into the skies; but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window glass of the house on yonder hill top. O, blessed land! But I do not want to

O, blessed land? But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Taber-nacle rebuilt.

How did the Iraclites get through the Red sea? I suppose somebody may have come and said: "There is no need of come and said: "There is no need of trying, you will get your feet wet, you will spoil your clorbe., you will drown yourselves. Whoever heard of getting through such a sea as that?" How did they get through it? Did they go back? No. Did they go to the right? No. Did they go to the left? No. They went forward in the strength of the Lord Almighty and that is the way we mean to get through the Red sea. By going forward. But says some one: "If we should build a larger church would you be able with your voice to fill it?" Why, I have been wearing myself out for the last sixwith your voice to fill it? Why, I have been wearing myself out for the last six-teen years in trying to keep my voice in. Give me room where I can preach the glories of Christ and the grandeurs of Heaven.

Forward! We have to march on, break-

Forward! We have to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword arm free. Strike for Christ and His kingdom while you may. No people ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, set me aside. The brightest goal on earth that I can think of is a country varsonage amidst the mountains. But I am not afraid to lead you. I have a me dollars; they are all at your disposal. I have good physical health; it is yours as long as it. physical health; it is yours as long as it lasts. I have enthusia m of soul; I will not keep it back from your service. I have some faith in God and I shall direc it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual house. Come on, then; I will lead

uni house. Come on, then; I will lead you.

Come on, ye aged men, not yet passed over Jordan! Give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in middle life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young man, put the fire of your soul into this work. Let women consecrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparent benedictions for their dying hour and everlasting rewards; and if Satan really did burn that tabernacle down, as some say he did, he will find it the poorest jobbe ever undertook.

Good-bye, old tabernacle. I put my fingers to my lip and throw a kiss to the departed church. In the last day may we able to meet the songs there sung and the prayers there offered and the sermons there preached. Good-bye, old place, where some of us first felt the Gesnel the prayers there off-red and the sermons there preached. Good-bye, old place, where some of us first felt the Gospel peace and others heard the last message ere they fied away into the skies! Good-bye, Brooklyn tabernacle of 1875. but welcome our new church. (I sea it as plainly as though it were already built)! Your gates wider, your songamore triumphant, your ingatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes and great or waiting vision! Burst on our souls, Od ay of our church's resurrection! By your altars may we be propared for the hour when the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. Welcome, Brook-lyn Tabernacle of 189!

LADY GREY'S JOURNAL

Incidents in High Life Four Hundred Years Ago. This extract is made from the journal of Elizabeth Woodville, who became Lady Grey, and afterward Queen of Edward IV.

"Monday morning-Rose at four

stale. (Mem.) To talk to the cook about the first fault, and mend the second myself by tapping a fresh barrel

immediately.
"Seven o'clock-Went to walk with the lady my mother in the courtyard; fed twenty-five men and women; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill will at attending us with some broken

"Eight o'clock -Went into the paddock behind the barn with my maid, Dorothy. Caught Thump, the pony, myself, and rode ten miles without saddle or bridle.

"Ten o'clock-Went to dinner. John "Ten o'clock—Went to dinner. John Grey, a most comely youth; but what hand, this very habit of moderation is that to me. A virtuous maid should be entirely under the direction of her households which would go to piece parents. John ate but little, and stole had not the wife more decision, at least a great many tender glances at me. in ordering the chickens out of the Said women never could be handsome dooryard, than her easy-going husband. in his eyes who were not good tem- This strong quality again has its dam pered. I hope my temper is not intol- gers, and the chickens sometimes yield,

bar as well as any of the country gen-nction is taken. When we look at the tlemen, is remarkably dutiful to his little fossil horses of the Penbody Mumisses church on Sunday.

"Three o'clock-Poor Farmer Robintion among the company for the relief until at last emerged the large and sin-of the farmer, and gave no less that gle-hoofed horse we now ride under the four pounds for this benevolent in-

civil service reform, or the efforts of a great nation to get rid of its surplus money. It would be the spectacle of a strange alteration in the very basis of government; it would be the fact that in organizing five new States, each of vast area and unknown resources, a large part of the time of the organizing body has been devoted to deciding whether men alone, or women also should become voters in these new born commonwealths. Nay, his chie wonder would lie in the fact that the final debate in each case did not turn on the question "whether," but rather on the question "how far;" since all five States have finally made women voters about something. Idaho has given them school suffrage by its con stitution; so have North and South Dakota; while in Montana those women who pay taxes will vote on all ques-tions submitted to the vote of taxpay ers. Moreover, in two of these States (Washington and South Dakota) the question of giving women full suffrage is hereafter to be put to vote, and or this question women already qualified as voters for any purpose can also vote We hereabouts take all these things very quietly, because we have come to them by degrees. But were some Rip Van Winkle of a deceased statesman to open his eyes upon them suddenly. he would justly pronounce them to in-volve a more deeply rooted change than any Australian ballot law, while the longest train of electric cars could not be so much as named in comparison. He could only end in accepting Vic-

this is-rightly or wrongly-the woman's century. All the traditions about the sphere of the two sexes, as being something unchangeable and eternal must fail before this simple fact. A local experiment, as in Massachu setts, or Kansas, or Wyoming, proves very little, it may be urged. But the founding of five new States by popular action, communities drawn together from all quarters of the globe, is no only an extraordinary demonstration in self-government, but offers, as it were cross section of current American thought on government principles That in five different Constitutional Conventions, acting not merely inde pendently, but with an almost jealous legree of mutual independence, the uni form outcome should be some form of woman suffrage, brings with it irresis ible inferences For good or for evil, it is an advance along the whole line t is one of those revolutions which de not turn back. It is also a revolution based, like most American steps, not merely on facts, but on principles To some extent it is a stop in the dark; that is, we do not know in detail what the result will be, whether on women or on men; it is the result of an uncor scious evolution which has brought these masses of men so far. It is not usually very easy to extend the suflrage, because this calls on a privileged class to give up power. Yet in each of these five prospective Commonwealth the hitherto governing class has to some extent—no matter to what extentdone just that thing. No matter, again, what was the motive-whether impulse or logic, or persuasion—the concession has been made. That this has been done in every one of the five different States virtually settle the prevailing course of all our future natural de

tor Hugo's high-sounding phrase that

velopment. That the result is to be of immediate invariable, and unmixed good, I do not, for one, believe. If it were, it would be unlike the result of all previous extensions of the suffrage. Every newly as to be free from all the perils and weaknesses of men, and they may even have some of their own. Men have, in many years of voting, partially attained to what the once famous jurist, The-ophilus Parsons, called an "acquired intelligence" on many practical mat ters, which women, as a class, have yet to gain. Men have also learned how to get on with one another politically even under apparent differences, and to acquiesce with amazing equanimity in the results of election day. They are, I suspect, a little more patient of public evils than women, and a little less an has its dangers, and there are many erable, nobody finds fault with it but not so much to persuasive and angelic Roger, and he is the most disorderly qualities as to a certain shrillness of youth in our house. John Grey likes which does not make the in-door white teeth; my teeth are a pretty good color. I think my hair is as black as jet, the I say it, and John Grey, if I mistake not, is of the same yet more anxious fear let they turn there are doubtless. out too strong, there are doubtless "Eleven o'clock-Rose from the table. The company all desirous of among them-who will look with dis-

ence. I can not say I should have is that, whatever we may think about much objection, for he plays at prison it, and whether we prove it or not, the parents, my lord and lady, and never seum, at Yale University, and see the unconscious, inevitable way in which those little creatures became larger of son's house burnt down by accidental size and more compressed as to footfire. John Grey proposed a subscrip- five toes, four toes, three toes, two toes, addle-we can easily imagine that had tent. (Mem.)—Never saw him look so comely as at this moment.

"Four o'clock—Went to prayers.

"Six o'clock—Fed the hogs and might even have filed remonstrances and held mass-meetings to op-

pose it. A political tendency which five new State constitutional conven-tions have recognized can certainly not be ignored, even if not one of them has put it in any final and complete shape A generation of women who grow up to e their own sex admitted to college and voting for school officials can never look at life precisely as their grand-mothers did, for whom such a state of things would have been inconceivable Before us stands that new generation, and we have got, with or without ou own approval, to make way for the

WISE CONCESSIONS

Results of Respecting the Claims of Wor an for Equal Hights. Whenever the claim of women for equal rights or privileges has been con-ceded, the result has shown the wisdom of the concession. The last instance was in the meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society. It had not been easy for the society to accept women as members any more than it had been that they should be recognized as doctors. On both these points there is low only one opinion, and the press enerally states it. Take this example from the Boston Transcript:

from the Boston Transcript:

'It was an imposing sight—the great
hall of the Mechanics' Building just fairly filled with 'regular' doctors at dinner yesterday—considering what an mount of learning, brains and charac ter are guaranteed to the aggregation, by even the average qualities of the good doctor. But the most striking thing about it was the appearance of the lady members of the Massachusetts Medical Society dining mong the gentlemen, and one lady sit ting among the long row of eminent guests at the table of honor, stretched along the front of the platform. An-other noticeable thing was the reception of this distinguished weman w hearty and general as that of any of the distinguished men, if not indeed, more marked than that given any of the gentlemen. And the best of it was that this proceeded, not from any galantry or sentiment of any kind, but was simply felt to be a due recognition of merit and achievement. The doctors of our day pride themselves on lucidity and candor, and do not hesitate to say that women can be and are most excellent physicians."

Women who have worked and waited ong for equal rights have only to be not weary in well-doing." and success is as sure as that equal human rights are just.—Woman's Journal.

Work Necessary. It appears always to be taken for granted, in discussing woman and her "sphere," says Kate Upson Clark, in Christian Union, that all women, upon reaching maturity, stand still, look about them, and then deliberately either marry or take up some sort of an occupation-whichever they chose From the way in which many of our most prominent men discuss the matpower of every woman to marry satisactorily, or at least stay at he usy herself in helping her mother at housekeeping and entertaining. These gentlemen even intimate that if she loes not do one of these things she is blameworthy. They do not seem to know that a very large proportion of our most valuable women can not marry, either because they are not asked at all, or because they are asked by men whom they do not like. To stay in their childhood's homes in idleness, or simply "puttering about the house," is often to cruelly burden fathers and brothers—a position in which no selfespecting woman can remain. Hence she must go out into the world for work. That she should go as a schoolteacher, a type-writer, or in some such apacity, seems to be the common way. She may be, if not well educate nough for these positions, a dress maker, a shopserver, a milliner, and it such women who most frequently drift into business for themselves. It s generally, however, considered enough for a woman to look forward to that she should get a fair, steady salary.

FOR FEMININE READERS.

VASS UR COLLEGE rejoices in a beautiful new gymnasium, the gift of the alumne.

THE University of Pennsylvania is considering the question of admitting women. The faculty have voted in favor of it, 19 to 2.

In Russia, a married woman, no matter how young and inexperienced, i perfectly independent of her husband in er property rights.

A "LADIES' University Club" exists in London. It is composed of gradu-ates of Newnham, Girton and the other colleges that are attended by women.

AN INTELLIGENT selfishness on the part of men would demand that their companions should be their equals, in order that their society may be enjoyale. -Rev. Charles G. Ames. AT THE meeting of the Kansas Equal

B. Anthony said that every State in the ssociation. MISS WILLARD has decided to give her share of the profits resulting from the sale of "Glimpses of Fifty Years"

gift, for the royalty will amount to beween \$20,000 and \$30,000. THE Ramabai Association of the Pacific coast has collected \$5,638 for the school for child-widows in Poonah. Western India. This association is composed of twenty-two circles, with 851 members, each of whom is pledged WHEAT—No. 2 red. 7548 for the next nine years to pay one dol-

in small contributions of from ten cents

lar per year.

PRINCE AND PAUPER.

ome Leaves From the Career of a Well-Known Spendthrift. Prince Demetrius Ivanovitsch von Chiwa died a few days ago in the poor house at Hamburg. He was once the petted son of a wealthy family, whose estors were the undisputed rulers of the province whence he came. After receiving a military education he founded a house in Paris where, under the Second Empire, he played an enviable and important role. The Empress Eugenie was among the numer-ous admirers of the handsome Prince, who spent money as lavishly as the Emperor himself. But the dissolute life which he began to lend soon

robbed him of his fortune and reduced

him to beggary. At first he was par-ticular as to the rank of those from

whom he borrowed and chose only

en who were his equals in birth.

The late King Ludwig of Bavaria was honored oftener than any other rules with "letters for loans," which 'avariably began: 'Most serene and mighty cousin." The flattery was successful in opening the purse of the demented monarch during many years. But this source of income was at lascut off, and Prince von Chiwa was forced to borrow from his inferiors, giving as security the expectation of a large sum of money from the Emperor of Russia. The truthlessness of such a statement was soon discovered, compelling the unfortunate nobleman to sort to other means to secure a livelihood. Ten years ago he first appeared in the neighborhood of Ham-burg. The long white hair, the brilliant eyes, the military bearing and aristocratic features still enabled him to impose upon the innocent mistresses of boarding-houses. His imposition occame so frequent and his acquaintance with the debtor prison walls so intimate that he was made finally an inmate of the poor-house to escape further per-ecution. There he re-

-"You are letting your beard grow again?" "Yes, old fellow, you see my wife can't endure a full beard for me because it is so deucedly unbecoming. Her birth-day is in six weeks, and nothing will please her so much for a present as to have me have my beard shaved off, and that costs me only fifteen cents—the cheapest way I can get out of it, which strikes directly at its cause by the cheapest way I can get out of it, which strikes directly at its cause by the cheapest way I can get out of it, which strikes directly at its cause by the cheapest way I can get out of it, which strikes directly at its cause by the cheapest way I can get out of it, which strikes directly at its cause by the cheapest way I can get out of it, which strikes directly at its cause by the diseased tissues and giving healthy tone to the whole system. see my wife can't endure a rende Blatter.

mained until his death. -Berlin Letter.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Myrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or billous. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

RECENT discoveries made by the use of the spectroscope show that all the heavenly bodies appear to be composed of the same chemical elements.

It Don't Pay

It Don't Pay
to experiment with uncertain remedies, when afflicted with any of the atiments for which Dr. Pierce's Goiden Medical Discovery is recommended, as it is so positively certain in its curative effects as to warrant its manufacturers in guaranteeing it to benefit or cure, or money paid for it is returned. It is warranted to cure all blood, sain and scalp discases, sait-ricum, tetter, and all scrofulous sores and swellings, as well as consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs) if taken in time and given a fair trial.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

At a Cochocton (Pa.) pie-eating match last week the winner disposed of eighteen pies in one hour and a half.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon

A PATIENT figurer has found that in 21,-100,000 years the sun will be as dense as the

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you con-stipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

Good farming consists as much in over-coming adverse circumstances as in im-proving fully favorable opportunities.

Why rub, and toil, and near out yourself and your clothes on washday, when, ever since 1864, Dobbins' Electric Soap has been offered on purpose to lighten your labor. Now try it. Your grocer has it.

A COLORED man of Yorkville, S. C., small wager, recently ste seven dozen eggs in four hours.

Don't neglect a Cough. Take so Honey of Horehound and Tar Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in or The Duke of Edinburgh is a persistent but poor violinist.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso' Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 25c.

THE Prince of Wales plays the banjo fair-Ir afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isau hompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Suffrage Association, recently, Susan FLOUR-Patents, per sack. 1 % 6 HAY-Baled 400 & BUTTER-Choice creamery 15 & CHEESE-Full cream 6 & to the W. C. T. U. This is a munificent Shoulders Sides LARD STATOES ST. LOUIS

A MOVEMENT is on foot to raise money, BUTTER—Creamery 11 to 6 H 75 in small contributions of from ten cents upwards, for a portrait statue of Susan B Anthony. Among those interested are Frances Willard, Madame Demorest, Mrs. H. R. Shattuck, Mrs. Judge Merrick, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper and Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery.

The "Charies Lucas memorial prize." a silver medailion, is considered the "blue ribbon" of the Royal Academy of Music in London, and is competed for by both men and women. For many years it was invariably won by the men, but in 1888 a woman took it, and this year also it has been awarded to a woman. ... 10 75 @ 10 80

"Any one who will read an advertisement the New York Ladger printed chewhers in paper, will learn of an outburst of enter in journalism sight as has never been present to the American people. The Ladger is out new form, and is printed on a fine quality paper, with illustrations by celebrated art. paper, with illustrations by celebrated artists. Not contented with this elegance. Robert Boner's Sons have enlarged the Ledger from eight pages to sixteen pages, but have reduced the subscription price from three dollars to the absurdly low price of two dollars a year. In addition to all this, Robert Bonner's Sons anneonrous soutributors to the Ledger a staff of popular, enthent and distinguished writers that is simply actomizing."—Esterptos Advocate, The advertisement referred to above is

printed in this paper to-day. Read it for courself.

The fat of sculling across the English channer from Dover to Calais in a small, open punt was performed recently by one Molesworth.

From the Centropolia, Kansas City, Mo., December ist, 1887.

There is nothing so valuable to us as health, but we do not realize this until we are deprived of it. How many of our readers awake in the morning with dull pains in the back and head, and find it a bard task to perform daily duties! These are symptoms of Maiaria, and we know from personal trial they may be completely eradicated by Shallenberger's Andidote for Malaria. It is a simple and effective remedy, and we advise our readers to try it.

An "affair of honor" between a Louisiana she "iff and a Southern editor resulted fatally for both. Pistois are yet dangerous weapons in the hands of experts.

"I can heartly say to any young man who is wanting good employment, work for Johnson & Co. following their instructions, and you will succeed." So writes site agent of B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main st., Richmond, Va., and that's the way all of their men tolk.

RAILHOADERS have asked the Government to compet the use of automatic brakes and couplers.

Neven fail to cure sick headache, often the very first dose. This is what is said by all who try Carter's Little Liver Pills.

QUEEN MARGUERITE, of Italy, makes her-self happy at the piano.

Many imitate, none equal, "Tansiil's 'unch" America's finest 5c Cigar.

The Duke of Connaught amuses himself with the flute.

Catarrh

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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-D. T. Higgi

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